Volume LXXXIV CHICAGO, January 15, 1920 Number 20

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

SACRIFICE

I am the voice of silent lips,
The touch of softest fingers' tips;
  Through vacant eyes I dream and see
  The purpose of Humanity.
I am the gift in the Lute's rift,
A song that sings on broken strings;
  The mission and the minstrelsy.

My soul has tasted holy wine—
A cross, an altar, and a shrine—
  A shadow-softened cloister close
  My love-divining spirit knows.
I am the vision of the sleeper,
I am my absent brother's keeper,
  The perfume of the scattered rose.

The dumb have taught me how to find
The noble country of the blind,
  Where the lost heroes lose their scars—
For I have seen their flags unfurled
Against the darkness of the world.
  Lit by the splendid ancient stars.

The New Commonwealth. —*Chris Massie.*

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

$2.00 PER ANNUM

ESTABLISHED 1878

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices.

EDITORS
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
FRANCIS NEILSON
JOHN MORRIS EVANS

ASSISTANT EDITOR
EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1. March 1, 1878. No. 1.

THE
Pamphlet Mission
FOR
FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER
IN
RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:
Robert Collyer, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul.
Jenkin Ll. Jones, Janesville. C. W. Wendte, Cincinnati.
J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

Frances L. Roberts, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, CHICAGO, ILL.
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIV THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1920 NUMBER 20

THE PERIL OF EASE.

Are you sheltered, curled up and content by the world's warm fire,
Then I say that your soul is in danger!
The sons of the Light, they are down with God in the mire,
God in the manger.

The old-time heroes you honor, whose banners you bear,
The whole world no longer prohibits:
But if you peer into the past you will find them there,
Swinging from gibbets.

So rouse from your perilous ease: to your sword and your shield:
Your ease is the ease of the cattle.
Hark, hark, where the bugles are calling! Out to some field—
Out to some battle!

The Socialist Review. —*Edwin Markham.*

It was Bishop Butler, we believe, who grimly asked, May not a whole nation go mad? We know not what events in his own day prompted the great English churchman to this query, but we know that, were he alive today, he would see plenty of events to stir this inquiry again. Indeed, we are inclined to believe that in such times as these of ours, he would not ask a question but state a fact, that a whole nation *has* gone mad! On what other supposition than that of lunacy can we explain the things that are now being done here in America? If a man should act as the government is now acting, in its senseless raids on the "reds" for example, we would at once declare that he was crazy. Such irresponsible and hysterical conduct, utterly unrelated to reality, and dangerous to the liberty and happiness of unoffending men, is always regarded as insanity in the case of individuals. The fact that it is a group of individuals, an entire nation in fact, which is now acting in this way, does not seem to us to alter the situation in any way. The War wrecked the reason of the American people. Under the influence of terror, the ordinary inhibitions of law and custom were broken down, self-control was utterly lost, and passion became supreme. A nation simply went mad, and is still mad today! But we have the comfort of knowing that a nation, unlike an individual, oftentimes recovers sanity. This time will pass, and America again take on the attributes of reason.

We call the attention of our readers to the article in this issue by Harold Sandon, giving report of the release of English conscientious objectors from prison. Mr. Sandon is a member of Rev. Fred Hankinson's church in London, a Cambridge University graduate, and spent some years in prison as an absolutist. He is now back at the University, doing scientific research work—his talents and devotion thus restored to the service of human kind. We wonder if there is anybody who can read this statement without a feeling of sorrow and shame that a situation, happily ended in England, still continues unremedied in this country. In a letter accompanying the article, Mr. Hankinson says, "Your American policy towards freedom of speech and press and conscience has given us cause for regret and almost contempt." Referring more particularly to the treatment of conscientious objectors, he writes, "In spite of our past misdeeds, we can point to justice in the end, and are not like you, still torturing those who were true to the inner light." We still have hope that, with the official establishment of peace, amnesty will be granted to these persecuted men; but we confess that this hope is growing faint, as the tyranny of the government waxes apace. Nothing perhaps but a new party, pledged to liberty, will save us from this continuing shame. The organization of such a party should enlist the sympathy and command the support of all who would have America again lift her head among the stars.

Marshal Foch believes that he was divinely inspired to defeat the Germans, and that the Allied victory was willed by God. "When in an historic moment," says the distinguished soldier of France, "a vision is given to a man, and when in consequence he finds that this vision has determined movements of enormous importance in a formidable war, I believe that this vision comes from a providential power in the hand of which one is the instrument, and I believe that the victorious decision was sent from on high by a will superior and divine." Marshal Foch is known not only as a great soldier, but also as a man of spiritual reverence and devotion. The more's the pity, therefore, in seeing him yield to the vulgar superstition of God as a tribal deity, guiding the destinies of a battlefield, as the Homeric gods fought for the heroes of Greece or Troy! When the Germans were saying these things, in the early days of the War, we were filled with disgust, and said much about the spiritual reversion of the Teuton mind. "Gott mit uns" became a phrase of ridicule and contempt among us. And yet now we find the French Marshal voicing this same sentiment; and we would not have to hunt very long or far in our own country, to find many to say, Amen. The fact of the matter is, we are all more or less tribal in our conception of the deity. War simply brings

to the surface of consciousness the limitations which are latent within us all of the while. We have a long way to travel, ere we reach the goal set by the spiritual genius of Paul—"There is one body, and one spirit; one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all."

"On the afternoon of April 11, the (general in command) received word that a native orator was addressing a crowd in defiance of his orders. Taking a force of one hundred men, he marched to the scene, and opened fire within thirty seconds of his arrival. 'I think it quite possible,' he said, 'that I could have dispersed the crowd without firing, but they would have come back again and laughed, and I should have made what I consider to be a food of myself. I thought I should shoot well and strong, so that I should not have to shoot again. . . . I arrived at the logical conclusion that I must disperse the crowd, who had defied the arm of the law. There was no medium course. The one thing was force. . . .' Between 400 and 500 were killed, and three times as many wounded. (The general) offered no aid to the wounded. 'It was not my job,' he told the investigators. 'Hospitals were open, and they could have gone there.'" This is of course the story of a German general in Belgium—no other surmise is possible! It is only Germans who are guilty of atrocities of this kind! Yet, as it happens, this is not a German general at all, but an English general, R. E. H. Dyer; and this account the story of his massacre of Indians at Amritsar in the Punjab. It is a pity to destroy illusions so carefully built up during the Great War. But we at least have the comfort of possessing one more demonstration of the important fact that militarism is the same the world around. Rightly speaking, there are no such things as German atrocities, or English atrocities, or Russian atrocities. There are only "atrocities," committed by cruel men, irrespective of nationality, when trained to the use of force in critical emergencies. To the credit of the English people, be it said that they have been shocked not only by the story of the massacre itself, but also by the fact that it was not made known to the public until nine months after it was committed, and are demanding the summary punishment of all concerned in the gruesome scandal.

It is a gloomy picture which Dr. Joseph Fort Newton brings us of religious conditions in England. "With few exceptions," he says, in a letter to the *Christian Register* (December 25 last), "the churches in England are almost empty, and all the churches are declining, not only in actual numbers, but in influence and power. This began before the war, and goes on unarrested." The fault he is inclined to find in the pulpit. "Unless there is a different type of preaching," he declares, "the future is dismal." This emphasis upon the failure of the pulpit is, we believe, justified. The remoteness of Christian preaching from the realities of life, has long been noted; and to this has been added in recent years, under war conditions, a revelation of timidity and moral supineness which is simply appalling. Of course the church must decline under such leadership, or lack of leadership! But this is not the whole of the story. Back of this is a failure of the church, as an institution, to represent the spirit of the times, to serve the needs and foster the ideals of human life today. The dominant influences of our time are great new forces of democratic change, and to these the church, Protestant as well as Catholic, liberal as well as orthodox, is not only indifferent but hostile. What is needed, if the church is to be saved, is a reorientation to the facts and problems of a new world now in process of birth. The church, if it is to survive as the embodiment of the religious spirit, must place itself frankly at the disposal of the up-surging forces of this stupendous age. It must become again the possession of the people, to be used by them for the service of such idealistic causes as may be near their hearts. The church is everywhere declining today because it is a part of that whole great social world which now is dying. Let it cut free from "the body of this death," and become forthwith a part of "all things new," and our observers of church conditions will have a different story to tell.

In a recent church campaign in the city of Boston, conducted by liberals, there appeared in the newspapers an advertisement, from which the following are some extracts:

> Suppose Boston had no churches. Would you want your family to remain here long? How long would you deem it safe for your wife and children to remain in Boston if the churches should padlock their doors to-day, and leave them padlocked? . . . The church stands for the things that make life safe; that make your business safe; that make your home safe. You are profiting by the work that the church does in your city. . . What are you doing for the churches?

This is the conception that religious leaders have of the church today! This prudential business of making the world safe for prosperous people, is the highest they know of religion! They ask men to support the church on a cash basis of price paid for service rendered! And yet eighty years have passed over Boston since Theodore Parker said:

> Men reckon Christianity as valuable to keep men in order; it would have been good policy for a shrewd man to have invented it, on speculation, like other contrivances, for the utility of the thing. In their eyes the church . . . is necessary as the courthouse or the jail; the minister is a well-educated Sabbath-day constable; and both are parts of the great property establishment of the times. They value religion, not because it is true and divine, but because it serves a purpose. They deem it needful as the poll-tax, or the militia-system, a national bank or a sub-treasury. They value

it among other commodities; they might give it a place in their inventories of stock, and hope of heaven or faith in Christ might be summed up in the column with money at one per cent.

The reception of John Herman Randall into the ministry of the Community Church of New York on January 4th and the opening on January 11th of special services in Boston looking to the organization of a community church in that city, together mark the rapid progress which has been made by this movement during the past year, and the superb momentum which it has acquired for progress in the year which is just ahead. The response in New York has been unmistakable, as indicated by great audiences on Sunday mornings, rapid and constant accessions of membership, and generous financial support. Results of the entirely new venture in Boston must wait upon the developments of the next few weeks, but a goodly body of persons is already interested and pledged to service. That the community church represents any final goal is not for a moment to be supposed. It is an experiment, an adventure; but it already has a vitality which promises that something definite is ultimately to be attained.

What Is a Radical?

The scare headlines of the daily papers might in these days lead an unwary thinker to imagine that editors and reporters are really under the impression that there are radicals at large in America. We have, however, to wait only a day or two to learn from the scare headlines that the radicals of Monday are, on Tuesday, merely bolsheviki. But we have only to wait another day or two to discover from the scare headlines that we have been laboring under a profound delusion and that the radicals of Monday, the bolsheviki of Tuesday, are, after all, socialists of one kind or another, or, as it suits the journalist's whim, I. W. W.s, or anarchists, of some nationality East of the Danube. The search for precise information is not an easy one for those who have to depend on the daily papers for accurate accounts of what is being done to preserve law and order in modern America. Turning from the mighty organs of erudition, and economic and political wisdom, we naturally appeal to the law departments of the governments, national and local, for we are an inquisitive people, and, even at this stage of the political game, we feel that we have a reputation to maintain before the critical sense of European peoples who have been taught by us that our practice of democratic government has left nothing to be desired. Therefore, we appeal to the law departments with a feeling of reverence, believing they are better informed as to the character of the elements in our society which disturb the even tenor of the journalistic world. But the law and order departments seem to be no better informed on this serious matter than editorial offices. They, too, seem to be under the impression that there are radicals at large in the United States, but, unfortunately, neither the law departments nor the editorial offices have produced one. And we doubt very much whether members of these departments would know a radical if they saw one; though it ought to be a very simple matter to decide who among the persons gathered in at the raid are radicals. One has only to look at the report of the Government's inquiry, held a few years ago, into the principles and activities of the I. W. W. to decide in a moment that the proposals and conceptions of the organization are as far from being radical as are the proposals and conceptions of the monarchial league. As to the bolsheviki, their proposals and conceptions have no connection whatever with radicalism. Indeed the bolsheviki began their tenure of government as firm upholders of the Marxian conception of socialism, and speedily fell a prey to the communistic ideas of the Russian peasants. But communism is not radicalism; and no political economist in Europe would ever dream of calling a socialist of any brand a radical. It is true, we find in European politics certain small groups of men using both the terms, which are irreconcilable in an economic sense, to distinguish them from other socialist sections, but that is after all making a distinction of little or no difference.

Now what is a radical? There ought to be no difficulty in defining the term in both an economic and a political sense. And, desiring heartily to assist the law department and editorial staffs to find a real radical at large, we offer gratuitously the information we have on the subject, hoping fervently their quest may be triumphantly realized. The term "radical" derives from the Latin, *radix,* a root. In English politics it has been used by groups of men whose social and financial standing have been tolerated by archbishops, prime ministers, and even kings. To mention two not remotely connected with the American Revolution, Charles James Fox and Thomas Paine, the former an aristocrat, and the latter of estimable Quaker connections, we feel sure that the Attorney-General of the United States will feel relieved on learning that these two gentlemen would have nothing in common, economically or politically, with those who have been recently collected for deportation. Then there was William Cobbett, another great friend of this country, and with Cobbett another famous Englishman, Henry Hunt, one of the world's few orators, who while a Member of Parliament presented, nearly a century ago, a petition in favor of women's rights. Really, it would be a fruitless task, for even the most punctilious member of the legal departments or the editorial staffs, to find amongst

the leaders of English radicals one whose memory is not honored wherever cultured historians review the political events of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Richard Cobden was a radical, and what may we ask would English history be if Cobden had been a Tory? John Bright was a radical until the Irish question in 1885 caused the split in the Gladstonian forces. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was also a radical until that split took place. The Prime Minister of Great Britain, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, was a radical, a thorough-going radical. There were besides such men as George Grote, the great Greek historian; Edward A. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest, and the English constitution; then we must not forget John Stuart Mill. But a list of the distinguished Englishmen who were proud to be called radical would take up so much space that we had better leave the rest of the names to the research departments of the daily newspapers and the law and order departments of the Government. Why it should be necessary to draw the attention of the American people to the history of radicalism is quite a modern mystery. Such a thing would have been regarded a generation ago in this country as an impertinence, a slight upon the intelligence of cultivated Americans. But it is neither an impertinence nor a slight upon the intelligence of the cultivated people of today to do this, because it is difficult to find a single voice raised anywhere in this land at present in behalf of the memory of numbers of the finest intellects America has produced. The term "radical" was not one of reproach thirty years ago, and we doubt whether even an obscure journal a generation ago could survive the ridicule that would have been poured upon it, had it the affrontery to publish about radicals or radicalism the utter nonsense which appears in the screeds of today.

Who were the American radicals? Well, without going so far back as Jefferson's time, we may glance at the names of the New England reformers, the men who made the name of America famous wherever there were to be found men who loved freedom and truth. We have before us a book which is worthy of republication. It is called "Sketches and Reminiscences of the Radical Club of Chestnut Street, Boston," edited by Mrs. John T. Sargent. It contains the lectures given by some of the greatest Americans of the period to the members of the Club. It is only necessary for us to mention a few of the names of its members and lecturers to fill our minds again with the importance in American history of its most stimulating period. Many of the distinguished poets, philosophers, clergy, scientists, bankers, historians, editors, etc., of the day attended the lectures and discussions of the Club. Among the radicals we find: Whittier, Emerson, Henry James, W. H. Channing, Col. T. W. Higginson, Julia Ward Howe, W. C. Gannett, David A. Wasson, John Fiske, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edmund C. Stedman, Robert Collyer, Louise Chandler Moulton, Longfellow, Charles Sumner, Carl Schurz, Wendell Phillips,—but an extension of the list would only serve to put the Tories of our day to confusion. I do not of course pretend that this Club and its members met with unqualified approval, nor do I wish the reader to imagine that the Tories of the middle of the last century regarded these people and their opinions with any less displeasure than the Tories of this day regard the opinions of the remnant of radicalism which exists, and has not yet been taken in the raids. Those of us who have taken the trouble to look into the records of fifty years ago know perfectly well that there were "respectables and plug uglies" in New England who would have been highly gratified to join a movement which had for its purpose the raiding of the Chestnut Street Club; those who imagined the members of the Club were not 100 per cent American must have been legion. But time, with its perplexing perversity, has put the works of the poets and philosophers of that Club on the book-shelves of all cultivated men who love the Anglo-American tradition of freedom of thought and speech, and time, too, has covered their opponents with the sheet of oblivion.

It is well worth quoting some of the newspaper comments on the Club which Mrs. Sargent has selected. One newspaper says:

> ". . . It has neither constitution nor by-laws, yet it is one of the recognized institutions of Boston, and the fame of it has gone into other lands. It has never had a meeting outside the house of a private citizen, yet the conversations there have been reported to the country by the metropolitan press, and men of culture, in Germany and France, have thought them worthy of translation for the instruction and delight of the wise in their own lands."

Another says,

> ". . . We have heard it urged that this gathering lives because its salt is always some new, startling idea,—what the public waits for, as wide eyes open for an eclipse, an earthquake, or conflagration. . . ."

And this should be noted by our Tories:

> "The Club has often done real good by eliciting those flashes of thought that come from the contact of mind with mind. The most meditative flintstone cannot develop out of its own consciousness in a hundred years as many sparks as another flintstone can extract from it in five seconds. . . ."

Think of these radicals surviving the displeasure of Boston's autocrats:

> "What a group the great parlors showed! Henry W. Longfellow, with his white head and patriarchal beard; Oliver Wendell Holmes, looking as he always does, and as, I fancy, he will to

the last of his days,—a boy in the midst of his white-headed contemporaries; George Washington Curtis, with his refined face, whereon the work and wear of his faithful, busy life are beginning to tell visibly in the lines here and there; Frothingham, of New York, with his tranquil equipoise of manner, his cultivated face, and quiet humor; and Lydia Maria Child, with scores of others,—clergymen, literary men, and journalists."

Mrs. Sargent in a clever passage reminds us of the sagacity of Chicago's journalists of the time:

"There has been from time to time some impatience manifested to have the Club dead and buried. Several times elaborate obituary notices have appeared, declaring that the Radical Club had at last and forever departed this life, and betraying that the conviction had been born of the wish; but the rejoicing has in the event proved somewhat premature. In regard to such notices, a correspondent of a Chicago paper remarked:

"'A sensitive person might, after reading his own obituary, consider it a duty he owed the fitness of things to die forthwith. Not so the Boston Radical Club. Over this body the last sad rites have been performed, and the public has been informed that "The harp that once through Sargent's halls the soul of Hegel shed," to quote an enterprising weekly journal, had sounded its last note. But it was only a case of suspended animation (why shouldn't the Radical Club take a summer vacation, with the rest of the world?), and the first meeting of the season, yesterday morning, showed no loss of vitality in point of numbers or interest.'"

So much for the radicals of the great age, when fidelity to democratic principles was the real test of that patriotism which makes the world akin.

There may be shrewd critics, however, who see in Mrs. Sargent's story of the Radical Club the cloven hoof of the red revolutionary. It may be argued that under the cloak of philosophical research these men were after all dyed-in-the-wool parlor socialists, or anarchists, or something else quite as indefinite and harmless. I have not yet found anything in the commentaries to support such an idea, but in all probability there were people who regarded the meetings of the Club as inimical to the structure of Tory society of Beacon Street. And today we learn that some of our law and order departments, not satisfied with the examples collected in the raids, desire Congress to give them powers to enter the parlors of private citizens and clubs, there to apprehend what has escaped them in the raids perpetrated upon the humbler members of society. This unfortunate admission of failure is, however, highly significant. Does it mean the radical is still at large after all the nervous energy, the printer's ink, the perturbations of editors and politicians, expended and dissipated in the hunt after an *ignis fatuus?* Poor tax-payer, long-suffering mortal, here is another bill you will have to pay for experiments conducted without proper knowledge. But have patience, who knows what may be found in the parlors of the land,—a Quaker after the kind of Thomas Paine, or a Unitarian of the calibre of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

GHOSTS.

Like the fist of a giant the black night shuts
Over field and woodland and frost-lipped rills;
Tired from my frolic with wind and snow,
Out on the cold, bleak, sleeping hills,

I draw my chair to the cozy flame
That curls and stretches and spreads and creeps
Up the steep black back of the chimney mouth,
While the witchery shadows dance and leap.

The winds are abroad in the land to-night
And they dance their wild snow dance again,
Chanting a tale of an endless wrong
In a weary tongue, unknown to men.

Out in the storm, out in the storm,
Ghosts glide by in the gray night wrack;
And I feel their fingers that tap and tap,
On the window pane from the shadows black.

And I dare not close my eyes; I know
How the ghosts glide by, how the ghosts glide by,—
Loosed from a dreary homeless world,
Driven about through a homeless sky!

I hear the rush of their long white robes
As they swirl in the waves of the wind-blown snow,
Across the dead grass, over the beds
Where the jonquils sleep in the earth below.

Just under my soul in the storm to-night
They are busily scooping a dreary grave;
I dare not close my eyes; I know
I shall sink, and sink, where the shadows wave.

Does a little one press his face to the pane
And cry for the cold, and cry for the cold?
Is that the crunch of a foot outside
Where the long white drift on the lawn is rolled?

I dare not shut my eyes. I know
That the little fingers are pinched and blue;
I will not think; I will hold my mind
To life's dull knitting; one, two; one, two!

Out in the storm, out in the storm,
When the ghosts go by, when the ghosts go by,—
How can I know that I drive no soul
Forth in the vastness to die, to die?

And my fire that stretches and yawns and creeps,—
How can I know, how can I know
The poor cold hands that reach and reach
From the driving blasts towards its warm, red glow?

I stretch my length to the curly flame,
And huddle close in my cozy chair,
While the shadows dance in the still, warm room,
And the fire-dogs yawn from their glowing lair.

I have a mind, God gave it me,—
Can I fashion a steel key, cold and blue,
To lock that mind when the winds moan by,
To life's dull knitting, one, two; one, two!

Out in the storm, out in the storm,
When the winds are high, when the winds are high,
How can I close my eyes and sleep,
When the ghosts go by, when the ghosts go by!

Rowe, Mass. ROBERT M. L. HOLT.

THE PULPIT

A Man to Stand in the Gap

By WALTER WALSH, of London.

"I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it; but I found none" —(*Ezekiel*, xxii, 30).

"It is for want of a man that there are so many men"—(*Thoreau*).

"The power of love, as the basis of a State, has never been tried"—(*Emerson*).

In Ezekiel, the prophet and the patriot were well balanced and mingled. That is to say, his politics and his religion were mixed in due proportion; his religion leavening his politics, and his politics fortifying his religion. Like Herbert Spencer, Ezekiel had long foreseen that the social and moral degeneracy of his nation must end in political and military disaster. It makes no difference that the nation was that of Judah in the one case and Britain in the other. Similar causes produce similar effects in all ages.

But, like Spencer again, Ezekiel found that his grief and his outspoken admonitions were vain. Degeneracy had gone too far and deep for the coming destructions to be arrested in their course. It was even impossible for him to cherish the expectation that the impending calamity would produce any reformation of national character; for he daily saw how falsehood had eaten into that character, so that the severest trials could hardly be expected to result in immediate reform. He felt that he might as well hold his peace and wait till new conditions, and till national repentance made speech again a hopeful enterprise. Priests and prophets, princes and people—all alike were hugging falsehoods to their breasts; false ideas, false ambitions, false doctrines, false words; were, in fact, feeding themselves on lies, and enjoying the diet, from the altar to the school, and from the palace to the cottage. The continued existence of such a nation was of no value to humanity; therefore the nation must necessarily be undone. That was Ezekiel's argument.

The last touch of hopelessness was given to the situation by the fact that Ezekiel was unable to see the figure of any man strong enough, commanding enough, brave enough, honest enough to stand in the gap through which these destructions must pour in upon the nation. He could see no man willing to make up the hedge that had been torn and trampled down—the hedge of truthfulness and candor and honor and justice and social integrity. He could see no man making up the hedge of national righteousness, ready to stand in the gap.

A man to stand in the gap! Thoreau must have felt some such want in his day when a slave-holding nation appeared to be content to hold an entire race in chains. He appeared to be oppressed by the existence of so many men, while that which he was looking for was a man. So he struck out that paradoxical saying of his which gives us our second text, "It is for want of a man that there are so many men."

A man to stand in the gap! Supposing there were in Great Britain today a man who should try to make up the hedge of national righteousness, and stand in the gap through which calamities and destructions are pouring upon the British people; supposing, I say, there were such a man within the limits of the British Isles, with what materials would he try to make up the hedge? With what words and what message would he stand in the gap through which lies and greed and cant and hypocrisy were pouring themselves in full flood to the overwhelming of the British people? What materials? What word? What message? Let me try to say.

First of all, he must stand in the gap with a true science in place of the false science which has very largely helped to tear the gap and make it wider. He would teach biology as a gospel of God instead of a doctrine of devils. He would not deduce a scheme of human morals from the hyenas and boa-constrictors; but from the highest human characters and ideals.

It is unquestionable that one of the main gaps in the hedge through which the foul tide of war deluges Europe has been made by that pseudo-science which has everywhere expounded the destructive agency of war as a "biological necessity." The evolutionary principle has been proclaimed as a competitive instead of a co-operative principle. The scientific theories of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest through natural selection have been applied to things not contemplated by Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace, and it has been argued that man must continue to go on in the ancient pre-human destructive way.

But this is to ignore the very principles of science itself. For the significance of the ascent of man is precisely that he is able to substitute social and international co-operation for the ante-human system of combat. With man has arrived the age of reason, and of the sovereignty of will over instinct and love over egoism. While destruction was the characteristic of the ancient animal type, salvation is the characteristic of the new human type. Those who conform to type shall survive, while those who refuse to conform shall perish. Those who persist in living according to the old egoistic, selfish, destructive instincts of the lower orders of creation shall perish; while such as accept and live according to the new vision of love and neighborliness and mutual aid shall survive. That is the truth that is being written in blood on the plains of Europe today. It is excellent biology. It is equally pure religion. To that religion all who believe in the divinity of man must cling in the teeth of all contradiction. The broken law of science is returning on the heads of those who broke it. Biology is breaking the breakers.

I would enforce this argument by one of the great sayings attributed to Jesus. When Jesus was urged to bring fire from heaven to destroy certain churlish Samaritans, he replied, "Not so, for the son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." That is to say, the advent of the human race on this planet puts an end to the period of destruction, and inaugurates the period of salvation. The speaker spoke better than he knew. With the supremacy of the brute goes the ages of violence. With the sovereignty of man comes the age of reason, of moral suasion and love. Man is the first of the animals to recognize that his mission is to save; and it is the recognition of his saving work which differentiates him from the sub-human races which went be-

fore. The proper nature of man is displayed only when he loves, and performs the saving actions proper to love. And since man is a social being, we at last reach Emerson's proposition that love is the true basis of the State. With Emerson, we deplore that no state has made the divine experiment; for we think the experiment well worth making. That will be a great day when—not a man merely, but—a nation of men stands in the gap and declares that its mission is to save men's lives, and not to destroy them. It will be the greatest day in history.

A man to stand in the gap must stand with something more than a true science. He must stand also with a true philosophy. For what is philosophy but a theory of life? And the kind of life lived by men and nations depends on the kind of theory they adopt.

There can be no question that the gap in the hedge of civilization has been made largely in the name of a false philosophy—and that in more countries than one.

The doctrine that might is right, that the earth with its treasures of life, land, gold, love, women, is nothing but booty for the bold, has been preached by the philosophers of more than one nation. They have returned to the worship of power in the person of the super-man, the egoist, in other words, the tyrant, represented by such names as Nero, Genghis Khan, Napoleon, while lesser persons are to be admired in proportion as they embodied the fruits of ambition, success, physical health and beauty, to the enslaving and slaying of such as have not the ability or the desire to dispute their passage. To be a "full-blooded Dionysus" is declared to be the goal of the self-centered Ego. Peasants and children may continue—(proceeds this false philosophy)—to admire suffering saviors like Sakya-Muni, who surrendered a beautiful wife, a palace, and a kingdom, in order to deliver mankind from evil; or like Jesus, who permitted himself to be nailed to a cross for the sake of his people; or like Socrates, who drank the hemlock that Athens might know the truth; but such anæmic specimens of humanity are despised by the "full-blooded Dionysus," who has neither pity, love, nor fear; who claims the right merely because he has the might; and who is free to impose his will equally by club, or sword, or gallows. The revolt against the gospel of salvation—against man's mission as a savior—has been in full flood in Europe and America for several generations, while a gospel of literal damnation has been substituted for it, which, however, on the battle plains of Europe and Asia is being proved a desolating delusion. It is not so much the weak spots in their armor as the weak places in their thinking that this war is discovering to the Christian and Islamic peoples. Their murderous armaments are merely the visible expression of their murderous philosophy, their murderous theory of life. The way to disarm the nations is to disprove their philosophy.

The true philosophy, or theory of life, will have an immediate effect upon religion. Religion will then be understood to be love, unselfishness, and co-operation; neighborliness and mutual aid. To keep this ever before the people is the task of the men and women who stand in the gap.

Thus we come in sight of the third requisite of the man who stands in the gap against the black tide of war. To a true science and a true philosophy he must add a true ethic; a true theory of morals. He will not take his ethics from the jungle. He will not take wolves for his models nor foxes for his teachers. He will exalt moral forces over physical violence.

In my school book I used to read the legend of a Dutch boy who saved Holland from deluge by pressing his body against a gap in the dyke through which the surrounding sea was beginning to make its way. If we can imagine the long, long strain and the terror of such an experience to a boy, we may also be able to conceive how unconquerable must be the spirit of that man or woman who would stand in the gap and resist the tremendous pressure that is brought to bear upon him or her by the forces that make for war, exerted by friends as well as enemies. He has to persuade his nation to a profound searching of conscience. He has to uncover those moral causes which give rise to every war whatever.

For, my hearers, make no mistake. It is something deeper than political entanglements which has turned Europe and part of Asia into an Aceldama, a field of blood. The ultimate cause is in the hearts of the belligerent nations. No doubt there are direct and immediate causes connected with political exigencies and military necessities, but while conflict rages no mind is capable of setting them forth with just analysis. A state of war grievously warps the judgment, so that nothing less than omniscience can determine the various degrees of error, and fix proportional responsibility on those who bring about such international collisions as that in which we are today participants. The spirit of ethics is a spirit of justice. There are questions the ethical spirit cannot help asking. The spirit of justice should keep us calm and sane and faithful to its immutable ideals. It forbids harsh judgments and thoughts of revenge. The doctrine of "reprisals" is alien to justice. We can be the friend of other countries without being the enemy of our own.

I take another step forward. The man who would stand in the gap to turn away the brutalities of war, must, to a true science and a true philosophy and a true ethic, add a true religion. The temptation to interpret religious duty in terms of destruction rather than salvation is enormously strong. True religion will resist and overcome that temptation. True religion will ever put thought above strife. Religion will resist the effort of the world to drag it down to its lower ethical plane, and will rather strive to lift the world up to its own divine height. The world never ceases its effort to secure religion for its ally, to bring religion over to its side, to get religion to condone its actions and methods. But religion must strive with all its divine energy to impress its ideals upon the world. While the world strives to get religion to fight, religion must more successfully strive to get the world to love.

The world and its way may be illustrated by the words of a native chief who had heard Dr. Moffatt preach on the resurrection of the dead: "Father," said he, "I love you much; your visit has made my heart white as milk; the words of your mouth are sweet like honey. But I do not wish to hear about the dead rising again. The dead cannot rise! The dead shall not rise! *I have slain thousands, and—shall they rise?*" The chief's voice is the voice of mankind resisting the Spirit—"Religion" (protest the nations) "cannot condemn war. Religion shall not

condemn war! *We have slain our millions—and shall war be irreligious?"*

As against all such protestations, religion must remain firm to its divine call. Religion must exalt character over conquest; piety above policy; martyrdom over killing. The way of war is to take away the *sinners*—the way of religion is to take away the *sin*—of the world. Amid the extremest necessities of war time the religious person must never permit himself to be so transformed into the citizen or the warrior as to be forgetful of that.

These considerations apply with peculiar force to the pulpit as the voice of religion. Above all men should the religious teacher be found in the gap standing against the demoralization which war brings in like a flood. It is peculiarly incumbent on the preacher to resist the pressure of such times, and to remain faithful to the divine principles of religion. The powers which make for destruction are sufficiently strong without his endorsement and alliance. As the spokesman of the ideal, it is his place to keep alive the great facts and truths of salvation. It is at a nation's peril that it degrades its pulpit into an advocate and apologist for war. The pulpit should be an anchor in the storm of human passion; it should be the still, small voice above the earthquake and the thunder. The pulpit should never cease to protest against a double standard of morality, one for individuals and another for nations. The pulpit should, in season and out of season, magnify the value of reason over force, of love over violence. It should never cease to plead for the arbitrament of reason in place of the arbitrament of bombs and poison gas and liquid fire and boiling oil. The pulpit should stand for justice and international law. It should foster such a spirit and create such conditions as would render the international crime of war impossible for all coming time. It should adopt the memorable words of Abraham Lincoln, and strive "to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace."

Further, in the name of religion, the man who stands in the gap must stand up against that mockery of prayer which obtains more or less among all the Christian nations at the present time. Religion teaches that there is only one God, and that God is one God. What, then, mean those vain petitions which all the Christian nations are offering against one another, at the same moment, to the same Deity? It is obvious that petitions offered by warring worshippers for results which are totally contradictory to one another cannot influence the judgments and decrees of omnipotence. Many of the prayers which are being offered in the capitals and cathedrals of Europe at the present time are nothing but profane appeals to the old tribal deity who ought to have yielded place to the one God and Father of all.

Therefore, our prayers should be directed towards those ends which include the blessings of mercy, peace, prosperity and justice to all the contending peoples, irrespective of race, creed or moral difference. We dare not impiously dictate to deity in what manner or proportion he should distribute those blessings; but we should trust him to render to every man and nation according to the deeds done and the policy pursued; in full assurance that each shall receive the exact reward or punishment necessitated by Eternal Righteousness. The principles of religion require us to follow the path of virtue uninfluenced by fear of punishment or hope of reward. We do not believe that prayers can constrain or deflect the justice of God. We make no mean attempts to degrade the Eternal into a tribal deity, and to enlist the Universal as a partisan. We believe that the judge of all the earth will do—*right.*

And, to draw to a close—the man who stands in the gap cannot stop till he has filled up the gap—not only with a true science, a true philosophy, a true ethic, a true religion, but also—with a true system of politics. Yes, I boldly affirm that all religion and science and philosophy and ethics culminate in a just and humane and ideal political State. Never mind the chatter about "no politics in the pulpit." For what is politics but a method of living together, a theory and practice of common life, of social and collective existence? That is the final expression and practical outcome of it all. Therefore all science and philosophy and ethics and religion merge into the sublime political task of organizing the Commonwealth of Man. Politics is the instrument they use to bring about the Federation of the World. We can help to organize the world for peace as it has hitherto been organized for war. With Emerson, we can deem it not impossible to make love the basis of the State, instead of violence. We can strive to substitute the co-operative sisterhood of the nations for the competitive militarism which has brought them to ruin. We can promote the Federation of the World on lines already roughly drawn by the Hague Convention. As we mournfully survey the slaughtered heaps, the devastated fields and homes, the million crowds of desolated women and children; and as we further reflect upon the long impoverishment of the peoples, the far postponement of the reformers' hopes, we can fold our hands in solemn vow to the All-Father, that *the expectation of his poor shall not perish for ever.*

Last Sunday I showed that the encroaching militarism of Europe, with its dark menace, with its too certain doom, filled the mind of Moncure D. Conway with despair. To Conway, the moral tragedy of war was that, without adequate trial, it doomed to death innumerable multitudes of people—"A declaration of war is the most terrible of sentences; it sentences people to be slain and mutilated; their women to be widowed, their children orphaned, their cities burned, their commerce destroyed." His final injunction, in his Autobiography, is to all men and women everywhere to implore peace—"implore peace," he says, "not of deified thunder clouds, but of every man, woman and child thou shalt meet. Do not merely offer the prayer, 'Give peace in our time,' but do thy part to answer it! Then, at least, though the world be at strife, there shall be peace in thee."

"Give peace in *our* time"—yes, but our desires travel beyond our own time and place, and our universal prayer is, "Give peace in *all* time," according to our version of the grand Russian Anthem with which we are to close this service:

God the All-terrible! King who ordainest
Thunder thy clarion and lightning thy sword;
Show forth thy pity on high where thou reignest,
Give to men peace through all time, O Lord!

God the Omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard:
Save us in mercy, oh save us from danger,
Give to men peace through all time, O Lord!

God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Meekness and mercy; hath slighted thy word;
Bid not thy wrath in its terror awaken,
Give to men pardon and peace, O Lord!

God the All-righteous One! man hath defied thee,
Yet to eternity standeth thy word,
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside thee;
Give to men peace through all time, O Lord!

God the All-pitiful! is it not crying—
Blood of the guiltless, like water outpoured?
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing,
Give to men peace through all time, O Lord!

So will thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise him who saved them from peril and sword;
Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord!

—*Henry F. Chorley.*

CORRESPONDENCE

New Year's Eve in 1900 and 1920

To the Editor:

Reading of our recent New Year's revels calls to mind in contrast how the Twentieth Century was ushered in with a spirit of reverence and beauty which superbly fitted the occasion. It came about through the initiative of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who had been looking up the record in Judge Sewall's diary of two centuries ago:

Jan. 1, 1701. Entrance of the 18th Century. Just about Breaka-day Jacob Amsden and 3 other Trumpeters gave a Blast with the Trumpets on the common, near Mr. Alford's. Then went to the Green Chamber, and sounded there till about sunrise. Bellman said these verses on the New Century which I printed and gave them.

Two of the orginal six verses were as follows:

Once more, our God, vouchsafe to shine;
Tame Thou the rigor of our clime;
Make haste with thy impartial light,
And terminate this long dark night

So Asia, and Africa,
Europa with America,
All four in consort joined shall sing
New songs of praise to God our King.

Dr. Hale was eager to have a worthy celebration of the entrance of the new century which should incorporate trumpets and Judge Sewall's hymn and enlist the interest of the commonwealth. He appealed to a friend who was his right hand and who threw himself *con amore* into the task. On New Year's Eve, about half-past ten, Dr. Hale came to my house on the hill and lay down and rested until the time when, escorted by a club of boys, we all proceeded to the State House and with Governor Crane looked down from the broad balcony upon the throng of 20,000 people who stretched nearly to Tremont Street. The night was unusually mild and the moon shone.

First, trumpets from the balcony played a refrain and the huge assembly, led by 200 of the Handel and Haydn club members, massed behind them, joined in singing, "Be Thou, O God, exalted high." Then Dr. Hale in sonorous tones which surprised even his old friends recited passages from the Nintieth Psalm, beginning, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." His voice carried marvelously through the still air and most of the great throng heard his words. The chorus then sang Judge Sewall's hymn, after which there was a silence until the bells of King's Chapel and Park Street Church, timed to a second, tolled forth the death of the old century. Then all the people repeated the Lord's prayer and the trumpets and chorus led in a mighty voice, "My country, 'tis of thee."

Professor Francis Peabody, listening half way down Park Street, spoke of it as one of the great experiences of his life. At first he thought the people around him indifferent, but a solemn hush came over them and men doffed their hats when they said the prayer. To thousands who witnessed the exercises there was a thrill and exaltation that will never be forgotten.

It is not to be expected that this should be felt so keenly on ordinary New Year's eves, but on this year which commemorates the Pilgrims' coming and which marks the beginning of world peace, should not more of the spirit of 1900 have been expected? Were he here today what message would the founder of Lend a Hand, Boston's great patriot and Christian, give to the thousands who in this city and elsewhere, spite of the bitter cry from starving millions of our fellow men, sat down on New Year's eve to dinners at $7.50 a plate? What would he say to the new Boston which finds delight in the barbaric din which for the last ten years has voiced the emotion of our cultured, historic city by an orgy of hideous noise and pandemonium when the old year dies?

I do not know what he would have said, but I believe he would have said "Amen" to the New Year's warning from America's statistician and prophet, Roger Babson, who says: "The year, 1919, has developed from a somber beginning into one of the greatest periods of extravagance and reckless spending. . . . One-half of the world goes merrily on its way, while the other half starves. . . . As surely as night follows day, a time of reckoning is ahead of us."

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

THE LAST DAY.

Were this the last of earth,—
This very day,—
My life's work finished quite
And put away;
How gentle were my thoughts!
How kind my heart!

And yet this fleeting life
Is one last day;
How long soe'er its hours.
They will not stay.
O heart, be soft and true
While thou dost beat!
O hands, be swift to do;
O lips, be sweet!

—*Selected.*

That best part of a good man's life—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

—*Wordsworth.*

CONTRIBUTED

Release of C. O.s From Prison in England

During the last year of the war the serious reports on the health of many of the men in prison and the deaths of several of them aroused considerable criticism of the Government's policy by many people not otherwise in sympathy with the C. O. movement. As a result of this a considerable number of the 2,000 men in prison were at different times during the year discharged on medical grounds.

This policy was continued after the Armistice, but no general amnesty was granted, the excuse being that it was unfair to the soliders to release C. O.s to have first choice of jobs. Among the men in prison there was great impatience at this delay and in several of the prisons large or small groups of men adopted work-strike or hunger-strike tactics, and by the beginning of 1919 the No-Conscription Fellowship was considering the advisability of organizing a general strike against prison discipline. To what extent this influenced the action of the Government it is of course impossible to say, but undoubtedly the retention of C. O.s in prison was beginning to have serious effects on prison discipline.

On 3rd April, 1919, Mr. Churchill announced in Parliament that "demobilization is now sufficiently advanced to justify them in approving of the proposal of the Army Council for dealing with soldiers of various classes, including conscientious objectors, who have committed offences under the Army Act and in consequence have been sentenced to imprisonment. All such soldiers will be discharged from the army for misconduct, and if and when they have completed a total of two years' imprisonment in this country, they will be released from prison."

As a result of this decision 710 men were released during the month of April, leaving something over 300 still in prison.

At the beginning of June a further step was taken by which sentences were commuted and men were released from prison and discharged from the army on completion of the revised sentence. By this scheme all first sentences were reduced to 112 days, second sentences to six months, and third sentences to nine months. This remarkable scheme, by which men who had already served two sentences in prison might have to remain in longer than those who were still on their first sentence, caused great dissatisfaction.

By this time the Trade Union movement was beginning to realize the importance of the question of conscription and of political prisoners. A deputation of the Triple Alliance (i. e., Miners, Railwaymen and Transport Workers) was appointed to meet the Government on several questions, and apparently as a result of this the remaining fifty or so men were suddenly set free, so that when he did finally see the deputation on 30th July, Mr. Churchill was able to tell them that no C. O.s were then in prison.

None of these decisions, however, applied to the Russian objectors as the Government consistently refused to recognize them as conscientious objectors, but apparently none of them now remain in prison.

Home Office Camps. During the war men from these camps who had been there for one year or more and who had not been guilty of misconduct were released to take up some poorly paid forms of civilian war-work. The men to whom this applied have consequently gradually drifted back into ordinary civilian life. Those who remained in the camps were quietly set free just before Easter of last year.

Non-Combatant Corps. These men are treated as soldiers. Some (I do not know what proportion) were demobilized soon after the Armistice; the remainder are apparently being retained until the present Conscription Art expires (May, 1920).

England. HAROLD SANDON.

SELECTED

An Open Letter From a Jeffersonian Democrat

The other night I sat late in talk with several persons, all of them of more than usual mental acquirements, all of them intensely devoted to American institutions, all of them descended from men who had played considerable parts in American history, all of them thoroughly versed in the history of men and nations, and each of them occupying an important position in contemporary intellectual life.

One was a man whose name and learning do honor to the faculty of a great American university; one was an international journalist whose books and correspondence are esteemed in Europe and in America; one was a man whose wide knowledge is frequently consulted by men themselves eminent in contemporary public life; others, lesser known to the public, were nevertheless not inferior to any present in information or in mental capability.

Among the company were men who have known and have been in the confidence of the foremost leaders in politics and intellectual movements all over the world—men who familiarly knew the Kings of Italy, Great Britain, Belgium, Greece, Serbia, Rumania, Bulgaria, and their ministers, the Czar and his ministers, the Kaiser and his ministers, the President and political leaders of France, the rulers and chief men of Holland and the three kingdoms of Scandinavia; men, who were acquainted with Asia, Africa and South America; men who had discussed political and economic problems in every capital in the world and with all the leaders of the world.

Surely, any judgment upon which such a company was in unanimous agreement is entitled to consideration and respect in any quarter.

And the one thing upon which all agreed was in deploring the attitude of Federal and State officialdom toward the Federated Soviet Republic of Russia and the treatment of radicals, both native-born and foreign-born, which has written a new and strange and —in the judgment of the intellectual and intensely loyal and democratic company there present—detestable chapter in our republican history.

I went from that intimate, earnest and instructive discussion profoundly regretful that every intelligent man and woman in America could not have taken part in it as listeners. And this regret, strengthened by after reflection, has prompted me to put in writing a consensus of the reasonings and the conclusions of that little company of thinking, widely informed, native-born and devotedly loyal and patriotic Americans, in the hope that you will give it publicity among the millions who daily read your newspapers.

The company agreed upon all the conclusions which I shall hereafter, for greater ease of expression, write as though speaking individually.

The most reprehensible feature of all the prevalent hysteria is the combined assault upon the Constitution being made by the executive, legislative and judicial branches of the Federal and State governments.

The Constitution, as all men know, in the plainest words guarantees and commands the unrestricted exercise of freedom of speech, freedom of publication, freedom of assemblage, freedom of political theory, freedom to advocate the express teachings of the Declaration of Independence, among which are the equality of men, their right to alter or abolish government which is not to their liking, their right to defend their liberties by any means necessary to the successful defense of those liberties; their right, in short, to be literally and truly free men and women.

Particularly and specifically does the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, later incorporated with it, decree and guarantee absolute individual freedom of speaking, writing, printing and assembling.

And yet, under cover of alleged conditions, which are either grossly exaggerated or wholly falsified, the President and his Cabinet unite with complaisant judges to abridge the freedom of speech, the freedom of the press and the freedom of assemblage, unite in the use of military force to abridge, deny and punish the exercise of these liberties; the Congress approves or sits silent in the midst of these violations of the supreme law of the land; and State and municipal officials, bureaucrats and police imitate in every detail these unlawful invasions of popular rights and of individual liberties, while judges find excuses for these assaults upon the guarantees, the mandates, the prohibitions and the whole spirit and letter of our splendid charter of free government.

At this moment the Attorney-General is beseeching Congress to enact a law that—if it is sustained by the Supreme Court—will put the liberty of every man and woman in America at the complete mercy of government bureaucrats, government spies, government tyrants of all sorts.

At this moment there are bills pending in Congress which, if enacted, will put every newspaper and every other publication at the absolute mercy of the Postmaster-General and any one of a thousand subordinate bureaucrats—making it possible for one of these petty tyrants to suspend and destroy any public journal which is obnoxious or displeasing to the men in power.

The history of all countries thus subjected to the tyranny of bureaucrats and secret police proves that such a system invariably breeds blackmail, bribery, corruption and abuses of every sort, while liberty sickens and dies.

All these tyrannical powers are being sought under the plea that the Government is in danger of being overthrown by the red radicals. But that is mere pretext—as well as nonsense.

If all the discontented and rebellious-minded agitators and anarchists in the country were assembled and armed and set upon attacking such a metropolis, for instance, as great and rich New York, they would not deal America a blow one-tenth—no, not one-millionth—so dangerous and so deadly to our institutions of orderly liberty under just laws and great guarantees faithfully administered and upheld, as by the blows now being struck at those institutions by the Federal Administration, the Federal Congress, the Federal courts, the Federal secret police, the Federal military, and their smaller imitators in lawlessness among State executives, legislatures and judiciaries.

Now, of course, lawlessness of those who govern breeds lawlessness among the governed, and whereas there has been, in actual reality, a remarkable absence of concerted acts of violence and destruction during the past five or six years, this continued disregard of the plain guarantees of the Constitution and the laws by executives, legislators and judges will inevitably produce counter-exhibitions of lawlessness and destructive violence.

This certainly is what makes the present governmental conduct so impossible for sensible men of the country to understand.

The plea that the country is in unusual danger is false. The facts, plain for any man to see who wants to see them, are that there have been a few vicious attempts to destroy life and property, but which do not compare either in number or in extent of damage done, with similar vicious outrages perpetrated at intervals through the years when Bolshevism and Sovietism were unknown words in America.

A number of bombs were mailed some time ago to different men, prominent in public life, and one caused a death; there was a murderous explosion of bombs in San Francisco four years ago; there was a futile attempt to set up a municipal soviet government in Seattle last year—and these three affairs comprise the concerted, overt assaults upon government chargeable to Red conspiracy.

They were bad enough, to be sure, but to build upon such a foundation of feeble and futile outrages a general belief that the Republic is in danger of overthrow and that therefore the Constitution and laws must be suspended and czaristic and bureaucratic tyranny introduced as a new American system of government does indeed show how easily exaggeration can produce hysteria and hysteria can create serious and genuine danger to our liberties.

Persons who are wrought up over the wild tales of Red activity should remember other times when anarchists have been equally terrifying bugaboos; when anarchists have actually committed much slaughter, as in the Haymarket outbreak; and should also recollect that these disturbances, vicious as they were, had no more appreciable effect upon the national security or the national life than a summer thunderstorm.

On the other hand, the methods resorted to by Federal, municipal and private corporation police, soldiery and secret agents do have a deleterious effect upon our national security and our national life, since they excite lawlessness at the bottom by lawlessness at the top, and, by destroying popular faith in the integrity of the Constitution and the laws, breed a profound distrust of and a sullen hostility to the makers and the administrators of law.

We are having exhibited on all sides the application of that false and mischievous theory that the end justifies the means—a doctrine as dangerous to democracy as to morals.

Any one who keeps a cool brain and who has seen the poor, cowed, bewildered Russian and other alien prisoners arrested, beaten, cursed, and herded together

like cattle without regard for even the common decencies of life, and who calmly weighs the flimsy and often ridiculous "evidence" upon which their arrests are based, cannot help realizing that he is seeing, here in our own America, an exact duplication of those scenes of sudden arrest, conviction without fair trial and deportation and imprisonment for political offenses which George Kennan found in Russia and Siberia and with the narrative of which he excited the sympathy, indignation and reprobation of the American people.

Kennan's account of the treatment of Russian political offenders is exactly paralleled, line for line and letter for letter, by the accounts of American official treatment of Russian and other political offenders which daily appear in the current newspapers.

In the whole topsy-turvy world, this is the most astounding spectacle of a million astounding spectacles—that the freedom of political speech and association should have been banished from America to find a home and welcome in Russia!

Had any one predicted such incredible conditions five years ago he would have been looked upon as a lunatic. And even yet the thing seems incredible. But here it is, present with us with all its ugly menace and hatefulness.

The war has tumbled many ancient tyrannies and abuses from their thrones in Europe, and will yet tumble many more. The peoples over there are in deadly earnest about this matter of democracy. They were made to believe—by men who did not believe it themselves—that they were suffering and fighting and dying for democracy, and now they mean to have it—peaceably, if they can, forcibly if they must. There is not apt to be a single government now in existence in Europe still in existence two years from this January day. The evil spirits of autocracy, aristocracy, oligarchy, bureaucracy and caste have been particularly exorcised from Europe and, in no long time, will be cast out utterly.

The question is, are these devils thus cast out of Europe to enter into America?

Is this continent upon which liberty was conceived to be the cradle of a new birth of tyranny?

That depends wholly upon ourselves, upon our spirit, our courage, our resolve and our conduct.

If we continue to consent to tyranny, then tyranny will filch more and more of our former liberties, will more and more disregard the guarantees of those liberties, will more and more deny the right of remonstrance, the right of objection, the right of hearing, the right to assemble to discuss grievances, the right to choose employment or occupation, the right to fair trial—the right to be free men and free women in the land our fathers made free.

And what must we do, we men and women who have sense enough to see these menaces, who have Americanism enough to hate these enchroachments upon liberty, who have courage enough to resist them to the death?

Do you not think that we should at once begin to unite in demanding obedience to the Constitution on the part of all our public servants, from President Wilson down to the policeman on his beat; in demanding that even the poorest alien or the most notorious agitator shall have, equally with thieves and murderers, his every *legal* right—that he shall have freedom from *unlawful* arrest, *unlawful* imprisonment under excessive bail, *unlawful* deportation *without fair trial,* unlawful imprisonment with or without trial; in demanding that the Congress shall repeal the tyrannical legislation which still disgraces the Federal statute book; in demanding the return of free government?

Ought not we to unite to elect a President and a Congress pledged to sanely progressive political and economic reforms, and so allay reasonable discontent and frustrate unreasonable discontent?

And if we sought so to unite, how can we unite except as a new political party? . . .

—*N. Y. Evening Journal.*

New Sources of Energy

The arrival at Birmingham as participators in the Watt Centenary celebrations of the American Ambassador and visitors from Sweden and Norway, and even from Japan in the person of Professor Kango Takemura, has served to emphasise the international aspect of the gathering. The most notable feature of the proceedings has been Sir Oliver Lodge's address on "Sources of Energy," with its allusion to the inaccessible but illimitable stores of power which radio-activity has revealed to be latent in matter.

Using the term "generation of power by molecular processes" to describe forms of energy which we now utilise through combustion, Sir Oliver said they were beginning to show signs of exhaustion, and if James Watt were living today he would be directing his attention to discover whether there were any other sources of energy. There was contained in the properties of matter immense stores of energy which were at present inaccessible, but which the progress of discovery would doubtless make accessible.

"I am unable to suggest any method of utilising these stores of energy," pursued Sir Oliver, "but if we know there is a great store of energy somewhere, and if minds are directed to its possible utilisation, no one can tell what may come of it. This energy of which I speak is atomic and not molecular. If we could utilise it on any extensive scale the conditions of factory life would be greatly ameliorated. There would be no smoke due to imperfect combustion. There would be no dirt due to transit of coal or ashes. The power would be very compact and clean. There might occasionally be some explosions due to the liberation of power more quickly than we want it, but in general I think the conditions for utilisation would be good. We are hardly at the beginning of the utilisation of this power. The discovery of it has been made during this century and the last decade of the nineteenth century. The discovery of radio-activity began to give the secret away."

The energy of radium, supplemented Sir Oliver, was a million times that of the combustion of hydrogen, but there was this important difference, that the combustion of hydrogen was under control and the evolution of energy by radium was not. There was every reason to suppose that other forms of matter had similar powers, though they exercised them less conspicuously than radium. In a passing tribute to Moseley, the young Oxford scientist who was killed in Gallipoli shortly after his invaluable contribution to the astronomical theory of the structure of the atom,

THE FIELD

The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE SECTION FOR THE UNITED STATES
Of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

The meeting of the Women's International Committee for Permanent Peace, held at Zurich last May, brought together many women from the Allied, the Neutral and the Central Powers. A firmer organization was there effected with a Constitution and provisions for definite alignment of National Sections under the name given above. Twenty-two National Sections are now listed as constituent members of this Women's International League pledged "to support movements to further Peace, Internationalism and the Freedom of Women."

The Section for the United States of America (formerly the Women's Peace Party) is renewing its activity, now that the opportunity is open, and has elected as General Officers, Prof. Anna Garlin Spencer, chairman; Miss Jane Addams, hon. chairman; Mrs. Lucy Biddle Lewis, secretary; Mrs. Hannah Clothier Hull, treasurer; together with six vice-chairmen and a large executive committee representing ten States and capable of enlargement to constitute a full representation of all parts of the country.

The object of this National Section of the W. I. L. is that which has been the purpose of the Women's Peace Party from its beginning, namely, "To promote methods for the attainment of that peace between nations which is based on justice and good will and to co-operate with women from other countries who are working for the same ends." The plan of work embraces Standing Committees on "Fight the World Famine"; Oriental Relations; International Relations on This Continent; Education, with a Sub. Com. of Physical Training Without Military Drill; Labor; Free Trade; League of Nations; National and State Legislation.

Membership in this National Section is individual and every woman subscribing to the general aim and paying one dollar a year is entitled to a vote in regular and special meetings and to the receipt of valuable literature.

Intimate relationship with the International Headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland, is effected for each National Section by means of two Consultative Members from each country, and those appointed from the Section for the U. S. A. are Miss Lillian Wald and Miss Grace Abbott. Miss Jame Addams is the International President and Prof. Emily Greene Balch the Secretary Treasurer, and hence American women are under double obligation to give hearty and generous financial and moral support to the International Office.

The Crisis-work of aid to the starving and diseased of Europe and the Near-East has been already undertaken by the Section for the U. S. and all moneys received for this purpose have been and will be forwarded either to agencies already functioning from this country or directly to the International Office to which moving appeals for relief come daily. The national office here offers an easy method of helping to all individual women who desire to give even the smallest sum to relieve the misery of the Old World and generous response is urged.

The relief of suffering caused by the war is, however, not the chief reason for the existence of the W. I. L. in this or any other country but rather the prevention of war itself. To that end activities indicated by the Committees named are initiated and soon to seek public support and all women are urged to join this Section for the U. S. A. and ally themselves for active work with some one of these Committees.

This appeal to women is not made because it is sought to segregate the social or political work of women, but rather because, so far in the history of the world, women have had small chance to declare their convictions in regard to war as a method of settling international disputes while always called upon to sacrifice themselves and their children to the utmost when men chose to start a war. It seems to many women, therefore, necessary to band together, at least for a while, in order to get strength from mutual association to make vocal and commanding the desire of human beings of the mother-sex for the substitution of law for war and for the focussing of effort upon human salvage rather than human destruction.

The women of the United States have a special duty at this hour. It is to stand for Americanism,—Americanism pure and undefiled by the fear and passion engendered by war. An Americanism that contends for our ancient Constitutional rights of free speech and free press; of trial by jury in open court; of the rights of the minority of every color and race to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; an Americanism that would restore that glory of our country of which Lowell sang,—

"She of the open soul and open door
With room about her hearth for all mankind."

The women of the United States have come into their kingdom of political power for such a time as this when the old order is crumbling and the new not yet revealed; when old despotisms and greeds and selfish ambitions are dying hard in the smoke of ruined gifts from the past; when the young life that should make the future strong and noble is wasting with the touch of war-summoned starvation and disease. What shall be the gift of women to this fateful time?

The Women's International League, in all its National Sections, begs that women enter upon the burden and responsibility of their new freedom and power soberly and wisely with full consecration to the duties that call for service; and offers itself as a center of reconstructive work.

The Section for the United States has opened an office at Room 1616, Aeolian Building, 33 West 42nd St., New York City.

Communications may be addressed to the Executive Secretary, Mrs. Eleanor Daggett Karsten, at that headquarters.

Cast forth thy Act, thy Word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is a seed grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day (says one), it will be found flourishing as a Banyan grove after a thousand years.—*Carlyle.*

Sir Oliver remarked that the war had robbed them of a young scientist of great promise, and left them with "old fogeys like himself."

In a subsequent passage Sir Oliver said if we could liberate the particles of energy stored in an atom, if we could extract and use mechanically the energy contained in an ounce of matter, we should find energy sufficient to raise the German navy and pile it on the top of the highest Scottish mountain. Sir Oliver ended on a note of warning. "It is a good thing," he said, "that a nation such as the one with which we have had to deal during the past five years has not made the discovery, and I hope the human race will not make the discovery until it has brain and morality enough to use it properly. If this discovery were to get into the wrong hands the very planet would be unsafe. I believe we are just on the verge of beginning to utilise a very minute fraction of this energy, for it is this energy which has made wireless telephony possible."

A paper was read by Professor Archibald Barr, which he had prepared in collaboration with Professor J. D. Cormack, on "The model of the Newcomen engine repaired by James Watt." The paper quoted the judgment of Professor Robinson upon his friend Watt that "everything became to him a new and serious study. Everything became science in his hands." Nothing, said Professor Barr, more closely described Watt's temperament or more fully indicated the secrets of his success.

The visitors spent the afternoon inspecting extant Watt engines, some actually still at work in various parts of the city.

From the Manchester Guardian.

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